





JNO. Q. A. BEAN, Gen. Eastern Dist.  
317 Broadway, New York, and  
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## Horticultural.

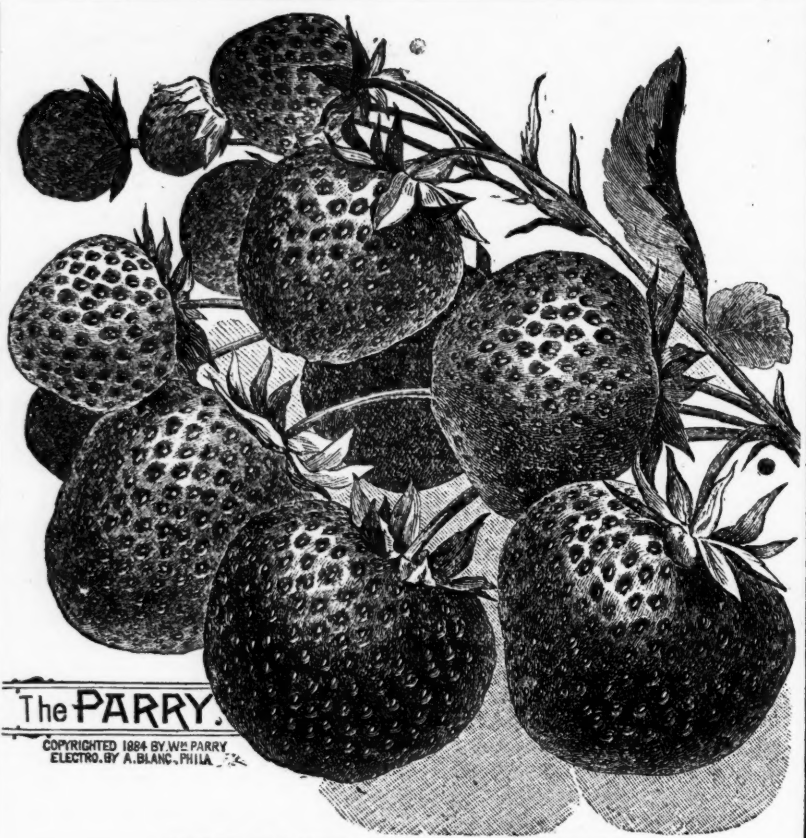
## THE PARRY STRAWBERRY.

This new and promising strawberry was first spoken of through the press, as the "Queen"; but at a gathering of horticulturists to examine it, when in fruit, upon the grounds of the originator, in accordance with an earnest suggestion from President Wilder, of the American Horticultural Society, it received in accordance with the recently adopted rules of that society, the name of the originator. It was produced from seed of Jersey Queen, planted in the summer of 1880; and fruited in 1881, receiving a first premium that season at the Moorestown Fair. Plants sent up by the originator, in the last, seem fully to sustain the following description, by the originator: "Plant, a rank, vigorous grower, clean foliage and very productive. Berries, large, obtuse conic, bright, glossy scarlet, and of best quality, ripening all over."

"The Parry possesses all the good quality of its parent, Jersey Queen, with the addition of perfect blossoms, ensuring fruitfulness under all circumstances."

"The fruit has been strongly commended by very reliable authority, and seems to possess a combination of good qualities to give it a high position, both as a market and an amateur fruit."

T. T. LYON.



THE PARRY STRAWBERRY.

## A Talk About Plums.

At a late meeting of the Plume, Ohio, Horticultural Society, the following opinions were elicited, as reported by the Ohio Farmer:

Mr. Dean had on exhibition a branch of the Basset curculio-proof plum, with ripe fruit upon it. The fruit was quite small, about the size of the clay marbles (marbles) sold to schoolboys at a penny per handful—and really a quite inferior specimen of the common mottled wild plum growing everywhere throughout the Northern States and Canada. A representative of the committee reporting, and in reply, brought Mr. Dean to his feet, and proceeded to free his mind in reference to this swindle, quoting what was reported to have been said at Philadelphia in reference to it by W. C. Barry, D. D. condemned in the strongest terms the sending out of a plum so absolutely worthless as this. He had no confidence in the claims made for it at first, and accidentally came in possession of his tree, finding the gift of a friend. Had that friend known its worthlessness he probably would not have given it to him.

Frank Ford protested against this attack upon his friend Basset. He was no way certain the specimen was the Basset plum. It was like those in bearing which had come to his place, but he procured the second-hand. Those he got from Basset were not large enough to bear. When received they were so small that it was necessary to pass them through a compound microscope before they could be called trees. If the specimen in question was genuine it wasn't much less than the other Chickasaw plums, Weaver, Miner, DeSoto, and Wild Goose. In the recommendation of that good man, the late M. B. Bateham, he bought Wild Goose plum trees, and though they were in a thrifty condition, they did not bear anything.

Mr. Dean said he agreed with Mr. Ford about the general worthlessness of the Wild Goose plum. Mr. Ford was at fault, however, in his botany. The Weaver and Basset belonged to the *Prunus americana*, or Canada plum species, while the Wild Goose belonged to the *Prunus Chickasaw* or Southern species, common in Tennessee.

L. B. Pierce said the Wild Goose might be worthless, but it seemed to be filling a place on the city fruit stands during July and August. Its beautiful appearance and color make it quite desirable and it should have the same credit that we awarded to a bouquet of flowers or any other beautiful object.

Mr. Dean replied that he referred more particularly to its bearing qualities. It was unproductive in Northern Ohio. Where it could be profitably grown, its beauty and selling qualities warranted producing it.

## Lord Sudeley's Jam Farm.

The Pall Mall Gazette describes a visit to the Home Farm, near Teddington, Gloucestershire, and the report is here abridged:

The fruit farm, which lies below us, and beyond which as we look west stretches the broad valley of the Severn, with the outline of the Malvern hills on the horizon about 20 miles off, was four years ago an ordinary arable farm which nobody wanted to take. The rent had been £1 per acre. The reputation of Gloucestershire for fruit growing, and the success of Lord Sudeley to make this great experiment. The ground needs a great deal to be done to it first. Draining, leveling, digging, burning clay, planting hedges, which growing up may shelter the fruit plantations, such are the first labors involved. Then plum trees (six feet standard) three years old must be brought from the nursery (started two or three years in advance), and planted in rows of 15 feet apart, interspersed with rows of raspberries, gooseberries, or currant bushes, as the case may be. The principle of the orchard must be rigidly observed. Then, wherever you are in the plantation, straight and interminable vistas open before you in every direction. Very careful staking is required. Here the stakes employed are all creosoted for the 18 months while to build a creosote tank and furnace, as there were no fewer than 40,000 plum trees to be staked. The sturdy creosoted stake is then fixed in the ground at the base of the tree, and by a simple arrangement of the wisp of straw with which it is tied to it at the top, that end of the stake is also kept away from the trunk, and all rubbing of the bark is avoided. Then there is the endless wedding, the picking, and the carrying. The hands began picking at four o'clock this morn-

ing, so as to knock off early in honor of bank holiday and the regatta at Tewkesbury. To give a notion of what fruit picking is, I may say that in one day this summer five tons of strawberries were picked and brought to the factory. Sleeping sheds are provided, where the extra hands can sleep in picking time; coffee-sheds where they get their dinners (no beer or cider here) and shelter. Some 3,000 Canadian poplars surround the farm. They are planted out a yard apart, and will ultimately make an impenetrable wall, the trunks meeting and pollarded at 18 feet above the ground, as you see them in some parts of Kent. We have not far to go to the old farm buildings, now converted into a jam factory, and let to Mr. Beech, the well-known manufacturer of Baling, who employs some forty hands, and by their aid, in the most expeditious manner possible, deals with the huge tubs of fruit, containing two or three hundred weight each, which the three hundred pickers sent in as the result of their morning's work in the plantations. The scene of the boiling down is the old cart-shed fitted up with 11 great copper pans, one of which has just been cleaned after black currants, and is ready for a new job. In this is poured a jug of water, and into the water 28 lbs. of white sugar—best Dutch crushed, as it is called, being a mixture of half-and-half cane and beet-root. When the sugar is dissolved, 24 lbs. of raspberries, some of it, perhaps, gathered only an hour or two since, is thrown in, and then the crimson mixture, foaming and bubbling under the heat of steam (30 lbs. pressure to the square inch) from the great boiler in the adjoining stable, is for about eight minutes stirred and critically examined with the aid of a long wooden ladle, till, being pronounced ready, it is run off into another copper and carried into the old cattle shed, now fitted up with dressers and shelves, where it is adroitly transferred to thirty-six bottles, each now containing 1½ lbs. of the most brilliant raspberry jam. As soon as the air-tight covers are tied on, these bottles are ready to be de-patched to the four corners of the globe, or, as the case may be, to take their place on the well-laden shelves among the gooseberries, currants, and strawberries, to await their turn to go. Some idea of the extent of Mr. Beech's business may be obtained from the fact that the bottles used in a year cost about £1,000. The setting of the fruit is assisted by the visits of bees to the flower, and there is here an apiary consisting of 165 alives, under the care of an experienced bee-master.

## Keeping Winter Apples.

To understand how best to preserve the apple through the winter—especially to those who raise them only for family use—is a matter of some importance, as all must admit that, after all, the apple is the king of fruits. Those who have large orchards and make apple-growing a leading branch of farming, supplying the market from the beginning to the end of the season, know all about the best methods of preserving the fruit up to the first of June, and generally up to the first of May, when the strawberry and cherry crops begin to make their appearance. Well, as to the way that the owner of premises where only a moderate quantity of the apple is grown, necessary to supply the needs alone, we will proceed to give a few suggestions of the way to keep the fruit for a prolonged period. Of course all apples should be hand-picked, and with so much care as to avoid all bruising, and sorted over for all defective ones—and those are defective and liable to rot early which have any portion of the skin removed or contain any evidence of the operation or presence of a worm. Pack in dry four barrels, put in the pack, pressing down the same firmly on the fruit, and place them in a perfectly dry shed or out-house until there is danger of freezing, when the barrel should be removed to a dry cellar and the fruit taken out and laid upon an elevated scaffold or shelves, spread out singly, which will admit of the stock being overhauled, the decayed ones and those threatening decay being at once removed. The temperature of the cellar should be between 35 and 55 degrees; and where there is any excess of dampness let the boards on which the apples are placed be liberally sprinkled with fine lime. In sorting over the apples on all occasions, great care must be observed to avoid bruising or injury of any kind.

Another way.—This is a "cave," or rather "vault," running from the cellar wall in to the solid earth outside, with a hole in the center, where a three-inch pipe is run down to the sand or loose earth, and the dirt floor inclining from all points to carry away every drop of water, thus keeping the apartment dry, filled with lattice shelves, with a six-inch wired air vent connected with the outside, and with a

close entrance door; and with a good coating of lime covering the entire bottom, in case of necessity from dampness, as before stated. This is, of course, attended with more expense in the first instance, but once prepared it will last for generations, and is perhaps the very best method of keeping apples, pears, etc. By it we ate pears two years ago the last day of April with the flavor quite unimpaired.

## Forest and Rainfall.

A young correspondent inquires if the opinion is correct that forests increase the fall of rain, and whether more rain comes down in wooded than in cleared regions of the country. In answer, we may state that we have always held the opinion that trees at the surface of the earth cannot sensibly affect the clouds in their onward march miles above, from which the rain is pouring; and that there is no practicable difference between the distance from the tops of the forest trees, and from the foliage of a corn field or of a meadow, to the high clouds above. Both would operate, if at all, in the same way. The difference in distance between trees fifty feet high and corn eight feet high, to clouds two miles high, would not be one two-hundredth part, and one would be about as likely to draw water down, if at all, from two miles as the other. But facts disprove the theory. Many loose observations are quoted to sustain it; but where accurate records are kept, although varying with the changes of the season on both sides, some giving diminished rains where the woods have been cleared, and others increased rain, the average is very nearly equal. The signal service has kept records of the rain for from forty to sixty years, at posts in Ohio and Kentucky; for the first ten years, when the forests were mostly standing, the rain was slightly less than for the last ten years, when they had been largely cut away. The annual average for the first period was 43.01 inches; for the last, 43.95 inches—a very small difference, and doubtless to be accounted for wholly by the variations of wet and dry summers. Several other records could be quoted, which go to prove that there is no average difference.

This opinion appears to have been adopted in the first place by some one who made a single observation, or else who thought it a handsome theory; and writers, without full examination, have copied it and continue to copy it down to the present time. It is a common and correct opinion that forests preserve the moisture of the earth's surface, and prevent the drying up of springs, by the shade which they offer, and by the spongy character of leaves and leaf mold, at a time of the year when their green leaves are not pumping up the water through the stems from the subsoil which holds them; and it is not improbable that this may have contributed to the erroneous notion, and the mere retention of water mistaken for its fall.—Country Gentleman.

## Preventive Measures.

In an article treating in the various species of borers which infest our apple orchards, L. H. Bailey, Jr., says in the *American Cultivator*:

"I believe that the best preventives of the attacks of the flat-headed borer are tidiness about the orchard and good cultivation. I have nearly always observed that the borer attacks neglected trees. Those which have stood in grass for some years, and which have not been properly pruned, are especially liable to attack. A smooth, clean, tidy bark is commonly an indication of thriftiness, and borers do not attack such trees. If the trunk of the tree crooks abruptly to the northward, the sun beats upon the more exposed point and produces an enfeebled condition. At such points, or in other weak spots, the borers are nearly always found. The majority of all the trees which I have known to be infested with borers had crooked trunks. I recall two orchards on my father's farm which I have known from my infancy. One had excellent culture, with plenty of manure, and it was kept in the most tidy manner. The trunks of the trees were straight and smooth. The soap wash had never been used. I do not remember of ever finding a borer in that orchard. The other orchard was a considerable distance from the buildings, in a somewhat inaccessible place, and it received much less care than the one nearer the house. This orchard stood in grass most of the time, and it was never manured. Its general cultivation, however, was as good, or better, than that of most orchards in the neighborhood. This orchard suffered continually from borers. On the south side of most of the feeble trees were every year to be seen the ominous signs of the borer. Other insects were proportionally abundant in that orchard.

I believe that good cultivation and tidiness are the very best preventives of insect attack in the orchard. It is always safe to wash with soap, and that is one method of promoting tidiness. In the case of newly set trees we must rely upon soap entirely."

## Horticultural Notes.

The black knot in plum trees, like the yellows in the peach, demands instant attention. The knife is the only remedy; prompt and thorough removal of all affected wood is the only means of saving the tree.

The Portage, Ohio, Co. Horticultural Society met at Ravenna recently, and among the fruits showed by the members were white tomatoes, of mild and pleasant flavor, and also a red variety marbled and splashed with yellow.

Says the *Pittsburg Stockman*: "Spinach is one of the easiest things to grow in the whole list of garden vegetables, and there is nothing in the range of what we call 'greens' to be compared to spinach, which will grow at all seasons of the year. A bed may be sown in October, and as hard frosts come on can be lightly covered up, and be ready for cutting earlier in the spring than any other crop except perhaps rhubarb."

The *American Cultivator* asserts that it is not economy to plant second-class fruit trees. It requires too much time and labor to train up an orchard from weak and gnarly trees. It is not often that second-class trees are just like first-class trees, only smaller, although the nurserymen may so represent them. A crooked or a weak tree causes more trouble and vexation than it is worth. A tree with the roots all on one side is second class, and should be discarded.

If the winter cabbages are growing so fast that they are likely to burst open before the time comes to put them into the cellar, or pit, and there is no market for them, their growth may be checked by pulling them about half up and tipping them over on one side, leaving just roots enough in the soil to keep them green. Do not do this until they have made solid heads. Tip them toward the north, to prevent scalding the top of the head in the sun.

SAMUEL MILLER, in the *Rural World* tells us that pears grafted on apple roots will grow and be of a dwarfish habit, and bear a few years, but are not long-lived. It won't pay in the long run to graft on apple roots. Bud or graft on pear stocks for Standards, and on Angers Quince for dwarfs. The latter can be bought cheap by the thousand, and can be budded the same season that they are planted, and in two years make splendid trees to set out in the orchard.

AN exchange says that farmers usually make the mistake of planting tomato plants on the richest soil and manuring heavily. They naturally like to see the young plants make a strong, vigorous growth. With most crops the stronger growth the better, but too much manure in the tomato retards ripening, causes the plant to rot on the ground, and the fruit will be much less valuable. Market gardeners have learned to grow tomatoes on their poorest land, and avoiding stable manure, they ripen earlier and bring a much better price. Farmers can grow tomatoes on any land that is rich enough for corn, and they will bear more bushels per acre than can be got from an average crop of potatoes.

All agree that handsome hair is one of beauty's indispensable elements. Ayer's Hair Vigor maintains it in freshness, brightness and luxuriance.

## Aptarian.

## Stingless Bees of Cuba.

A. J. King, during a visit in Cuba, discovered a colony of stingless native bees in possession of a native and describes their peculiarities as follows, in the *Dee-Keepers' Magazine*.

Mr. Pedro Casanova and myself at once set out on horseback, and arrived at the cabin of the Cuban, just as the sun was going down, and to our delight, found the object of our search. The little beauties were located in the section of a hollow log about six inches in diameter and two feet long, suspended by a rope on the side-wall of the cabin in a horizontal position.

A little round hole, hardly a quarter of an inch in diameter, in the centre of one end of the log, formed the only place of exit or entrance; the other end was closed with what seemed to be a conglomeration of pollen, wax, resin and some other moist and sticky material.

Looking into the entrance hole, all we could discover was the little white fuzzy head of one of these insects peering out at us in a cautious, half-cowardly manner. The last of the foragers were just returning, and it was amusing to see how swiftly, yet surely, they would always dart from the air directly into the little entrance hole, without ever once missing or having to crawl in, like our ordinary bees.

In all their movements they are as swift as lightning, and we had great difficulty in catching one, and more in keeping him after being caught.

The other end of this log hive was filled with a plug, which being withdrawn, the lady of the house took a sharp pointed stick, and reaching into the centre of the hive perforated several of the large honey bags, then holding a glass tumbler under and slightly elevating the other end of the hive, the honey ran in a stream and soon nearly filled the tumbler with a very delicious, but rather thin honey.

This honey is supposed by the natives to possess medicinal virtues, and is sold at a high price—something like the "bumble-bee honey" in the city, with this difference; that the former is the real honey, produced by the stingless bees, while the latter, so far as the bumble-bee is concerned in its production, is a myth, but so far as either variety possessing any medicinal superiority over ordinary honey, it must reside entirely in the faith of the patient.

We at once purchased this hive and took it on our shoulder, remounted the horse and carried it safely back to the Casanova apary.

Here we fitted up a nice little bamboo log for a hive and commenced the work of drumming out the little bees, but to our astonishment, they would not "drum for

a cent." We then tried smoke, with no better success. Finally we procured a rip saw, and by being very cautious, we succeeded in splitting the log from end to end. We then took out the nest, pollen, honey, bees and all and fitted it into our pretty bamboo, left it for three weeks until the bees had it fastened and fixed in, then brought it home to New York safe and sound, but alas! forgetting to wrap up the hive one cold night, the little inmates chilled and died.

Many have been the speculations indulged in by the would-be wise, in regard to these bees, nearly all of which are mistaken notions. The idea that there is any danger in handling them bare-faced and bare-handed is untrue.

They will not mix with any varieties of our true honey bees, and they are unprofitable except as objects of curiosity.

A fair sized colony is composed of from one thousand to fifteen hundred bees, occupying a round space of perhaps eighteen inches long, and four inches in diameter. About five inches from the entrance are the brood combs, which are suspended from the upper part of the roof of the hollow space in parallel rows and about four combs. The combs are nearly round, not quite so thick as ordinary brood comb and not more than three inches in diameter. The sacks containing honey and pollen look very much alike and do not resemble cells in any sense; they are somewhat irregular in shape, being an inch long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, holding about two table-spoonfuls of honey each. They are of a dark color and lie on top, bottom and sides; packed like so many bags of grain; three-fourths of them being filled with pollen and the balance with honey.

In shape these bees are much like the bumble bee, and in color like the yellow jacket, but they are not more than one-fifth the size of the bumble-bee and perhaps the body is longer in proportion than his big cousin. The queen is really beautiful, differing in shape from the workers.

To thoroughly cure scrofula, it is necessary to strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, by acting upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THE WONDER

Is becoming universal as to how such an immense sale could be created in Lowell for Hood's SARSAPARILLA. But, my friend, if you could stand behind our counter and hear what those who say who are using it, the reason would appear as clear as the noon-day sun. The real curative power of Hood's SARSAPARILLA demonstrates itself in every case where our directions are faithfully regarded. We would that we might get before the people a fractional part of the evidence that is expressed in us every day in this medicine by those who have carefully noted (without prejudice) its effects upon the blood and through that upon the whole system, stimulating all the functions of the body to perform the duties nature requires of them. Try a bottle and satisfy yourself.

## Cold Hands and Feet.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO., Gentlemen—About one year ago my daughter commenced taking your Sarsaparilla. At that time she had very little appetite; could take no long walks, and her face was badly broken out with a humor. She was low-spirited, troubled with cold hands and feet; her blood seemed to be poor, and she was in a condition which caused us great anxiety. After taking one bottle of your Sarsaparilla she began to improve; and she now has a good appetite and can take much longer walks. Her humor is nothing compared with what it was one year ago. She is in better spirits, is not troubled with cold hands and feet as previously. And I attribute this improvement in her condition largely to your Sarsaparilla. She has taken six bottles, and intends to continue its use, as it was inclined to oppose the use of it at first. I now have great faith in it as a blood purifier.

Very truly,  
J. H. HINCKLEY.  
No. 204 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. Price \$1, or six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**BAKERS' MANDRAKE BITTERS**

Entirely VEGETABLE AND PURE CURE FOR COSTIVENESS

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Eruptions and Skin Diseases.

Price, 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

BECK, JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Nt.

**LOOMINGTON NURSERY CO.**

Established 1862, by F. K. FROTHINGHAM, Incorporated 1883. We offer for sale a large stock of Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Catalogue free. 600 ACRES, 13 Greenhouses and 1000 Fruit Trees.

**COOK'S EVAPORATOR!**

For making Apple Syrup, Maple Syrup and Sugar. Circulars sent free. Whitehead, Boring & Co., Tecumseh, Mich.

**LANDS**

500,000 ACRES OF VALUABLE LAND IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN on the line of the WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILROAD for sale on liberal terms to local settlers. Full particulars with good map sent free. CHAS. L. COLBY, LAND COMMISSIONER, W.C.R.R., Milwaukee, Wis.

**HOMES IN TEXAS & ARKANSAS**

Low prices. Long credit. Rich agricultural and grazing lands, producing wheat, corn, cotton, grasses and all the choice fruits, near schools, churches and railroads. Cheap land excursions every month. For maps of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas, with all information address J. B. FEAVER, Pawnee, and Land Agent, Missouri Pacific Ry. Co., 109 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

**CHICAGO SCALE CO.**

205 N. WABASH ST. CHICAGO, ILL. 2000 LBS. Beam Scale Included. 2000 LBS. FARMER'S SCALE. 500 LBS. FARMER'S SCALE. 100 LBS. FARMER'S SCALE. 50 LBS. FARMER'S SCALE. 25 LBS. FARMER'S SCALE. 10 LBS. FARMER'S SCALE. 5 LBS. FARMER'S SCALE. 2 LBS. FARMER'S SCALE. 1 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/2 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/4 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/8 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/16 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/32 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/64 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/128 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/256 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/512 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/1024 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/2048 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/4096 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/8192 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/16384 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/32768 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/65536 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/131072 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/262144 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/524288 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/1048576 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/2097152 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/4194304 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/8388608 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/16777216 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/33554432 LB. FARMER'S SCALE. 1/67108864 LB. 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## Poetry

## ALWAYS A RIVER TO CROSS.

There's always a river to cross;  
Always an effort to make  
If there's anything good to win,  
Any rich prize to take,  
Yonder the fruit we crave,  
Yonder the charming scene;  
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,  
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth  
We must patiently dig and dive;  
For the places we long to fill  
We must push and struggle and strive,  
And always and everywhere  
We'll find on our onward course  
Thorns for the feet and trials to meet  
And a difficult river to cross.

For rougher the way that we take  
The stouter the heart and the nerve;  
The stones in our path we break,  
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve.  
For the glory we count no loss;  
Our labors we count no loss;  
The folly to pause and murmur because  
Of the river we have to cross.

So ready to do and dare  
Should be in our places stand,  
Pursuing the Master's will,  
Fulfilling the soul's demand;  
For though as the mountain high  
The billows may war and toss,  
They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at the helm  
When the difficult river we cross.

## DOLLIE.

She sports a witching gown  
With a ruffle up and down  
On the skirt,  
She is gentle, she is shy;  
But there's mischief in her eye—  
She's a flirt.

She displays a tiny glove,  
And a dainty little shoe;  
Of a shoe;  
And she wears her hat a-till  
Over hands that never will  
In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams  
Are the fabric of her dreams—  
But enough!  
I know beyond a doubt  
That she carries them about  
In her aunt.

With her dimples and her curls  
She exasperates the girls  
Fast belief;  
They hint that she's a cat,  
And delightful things like that  
In their grief.

It is shocking I declare!  
But what does Dollie care  
When the beaux  
Come flocking to her feet  
Like the bees around a sweet  
Little rose?

—Samuel Miskin Peck.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE FADED LEAF.

I can hardly believe it even now. If there was one person in the world whom I should have thought safe from the remotest chance of matrimony, that person was Aunt Hetty—dear, placid, middle-aged Aunt Hetty. And yet I have just seen her drive away from the door hand in hand with her handsome husband, and looking as sweet and bonny as any young bride of nineteen, notwithstanding her silver hair. It has all happened so quickly and in such a wonderful, fairy-tale kind of fashion, that I feel as if I had taken my breath away, and as if I must really sit down and rest a bit and think the matter over.

I have lived with Aunt Hetty ever since mother died. When I came to her I was quite a little tot, and now I am six-and-twenty, so you may imagine it is a good many years ago. Auntie must have been a young woman then, but somehow she has always seemed middle-aged to me. She was always so calm and little and did everything in such a quiet, business-like way, that I regarded her as a different kind of being from my restless, excitable self. I have had my little flirtations now and then, but Aunt Hetty seemed too grave, too wise, too good altogether ever to have been mixed up in anything so frivolous as a love affair. It only shows how we may live with people in the same house, almost in the same room, for years together and yet know little or nothing of their feelings. I remember, almost as if it were yesterday, fancying one day, about a year ago, that auntie was dressed more carefully than usual. I don't know what the difference was—only an extra bit of lace or ribbon or something of that sort, but I said to her in fun:

"Why, auntie dear, how smart you are! One would think you were going to a wedding!"

"No, dear," she said; "I am not going to a wedding, but this should have been my own silver-wedding, day." And the dear lip quivered for a moment and a tear came into the soft gray eyes.

"Your silver wedding, auntie! Forgive me; I didn't know!"

"No, dear," she said, "course you could not. It is a very old story now."

"But how was it, then, that you were not married after all?" I inquired. "But perhaps I ought not to ask. Don't tell me if it pains you."

"No, dear," she said; "it was a painful story once, but the pain has gone out of it now. And I think I should like to tell it to you. Perhaps some day it may save you from making such a mistake as I did. It is a very simple story—just a lover's quarrel, a few hasty words—all said and over in five minutes; but they altered my whole life."

"A lover's quarrel, auntie! Then I am sure the fault was not on your side!"

"You are wrong, dear. The fault was on my side. I was proud and angry and obstinate; a word would have given me back my lover, but I would not say it. We parted in anger and we never met again!"

"You, auntie!—the most patient of living beings—you proud and angry and obstinate! I can't believe it!"

"Yes, Ruth; it is true, nevertheless. Sit here on the hassock at my feet and I will tell you my story. It won't take long."

I sat down accordingly and with her hand resting on my shoulder and now and

then wandering lovingly over my hair, she began:

"It happened when I was only 18— younger than you, Ruth, and full of life and spirit—very different from the faded old maid you have always known me. I was engaged to be married. My lover was four years older than myself; he was a mate of a ship and a fine dashing young fellow named Edward Blake. We had been engaged six months and were to be married a month later. The day was fixed and Edward had arranged to give up the sea and take a situation on land. We were as happy as any two young people could possibly be; but, unluckily, just a month before the time fixed for our wedding-day, a picnic was got up by some of our friends, and Edward and I were of the party. There was a handsome young fellow there named Percy Sandys, the son of a neighboring clergyman. He was fresh from college, and full of fun and frolic. I chanced to be placed next to him at luncheon, and not knowing, as I afterwards discovered, that I was engaged, he was specially attentive to me. I did not care for his attentions in the least; but I was in high spirits and only bent on enjoyment of the moment, and I did not check him as, perhaps, I ought to have done. Presently I caught sight of Edward's face, and saw that he was looking terribly cross and angry. Foolishly, I thought it rather good fun to make him jealous, and, on purpose to tease him, I pretended to take all the more notice of Mr. Sandys. When we finished luncheon the party scattered and strolled about the woods in various directions. I naturally expected Edward to accompany me, but he rather rudely, as I thought, held aloof and, to punish him, I paired off with Mr. Sandys. When the party got together again Edward looked so savage that I thought it better not to provoke him any further."

"I shook off Mr. Sandys and, walking away with Edward, began to scold him for his unreasonable jealousy. Of course I did not think I myself was in fault; nobody ever does. A loving word would have made me penitent directly. Unfortunately, he was white hot with anger and began to reproach me in a way that roused my temper too, for I was quick enough to take offence in those days, Ruth, though I have learned better since. I can remember as if it were yesterday, the nook in the woods where we stood, the sunshine glinting through the trees and lighting up Edward's flushed face and angry eyes. He reproached me bitterly—more bitterly, I think, than I deserved. He called me a heartless coquette and I called him little-minded and told him he had made himself ridiculous by his unreasonable jealousy. We got hotter and hotter and finally he declared that if I did not admit that I had been wrong, and promise to behave differently for the future, all must be over between us. I did not care a straw for Mr. Sandys and would fifty times sooner have had Edward with me, but I would have died sooner than have told him so then. So I gave him a bitter answer, and we both grew angrier still. His last words, uttered with all the intensity of passion, ring still in my ears. I can tell you their word for word: 'Hetty, if you let me go now, understand clearly, you will never see my face again.' I did not quite believe him. Perhaps, if I had, I should still have let him go. At any rate, I was far too angry to give way then. 'Go, by all means, if you wish it,' I said, and in another minute he was gone. I had been tearing to pieces, in my passion, a little spray of hawthorn he had given me earlier in the day. I had pulled off the leaves one by one, and when he left me, the bare stem was left in my hand, with one leaf only remaining. See, here it is, the last relic of my first and last love. God grant that in your whole life, my Ruth, you may never weep such tears as I have wept over that one faded leaf."

Aunt Hetty took from her desk the little prayer-book she always carried, a quaint little red covered book, with a gilt clasp, and showed me just within it a tissue-paper pocket tucked to the cover. This she opened and showed me the faded leaf.

"This little book," she said, "was Edward's gift to me; and this old dry leaf is my only relic of the day when we parted in anger in the wood, never to meet again in this world. Stay, I have one more treasure; see!"

She drew from her bosom a quaint old locket and put it in my hand. It was a miniature painting, representing a young man in an old-fashioned naval costume. It was a handsome face, but stern and proud-looking; and I could well believe that the original would have behaved as Aunt Hetty had described.

"But did you really part like that, auntie?" I said. "Did you never see him again?"

"Never. He did not go back to the picnic-party, but joined an outward-bound ship the very next day, leaving a brief note for my mother, stating that we had fortunately found out in time that we were unsuited to each other, and had, therefore, by mutual consent, put an end to our engagement."

"But that was very cruel, auntie."

"I thought so then. Perhaps it was a little; but afterwards I blamed myself far more than him. I had given the provocation; and I knew in my heart of hearts that one word of regret on my part would have made all right between us. But I was too proud to say it. I let him go with my eyes opened and I have been justly punished."

"But have you never heard from him since, auntie?"

"Once or twice, in early years; but only indirectly. He had no relatives in our part of the country. I know that he gave up the sea, and obtained a commission in some Indian regiment. When last I heard of him he was a captain; but that is many years ago and I do not know whether he is alive or dead. So ends my poor little romance. There is one thing I should like to ask, Ruth, and that is partly why I have told you my story. You have seen my relics. They have been my greatest treasures in life and I should like them put in my coffin when I die. Will you remember this, dear?"

"I could not answer for tears, but I kissed her hand and she was content."

Two months ago, tired of our humdrum country life, auntie and I resolved, for once, to visit foreign parts. Accordingly, we went to Boulogne and took up our abode in a quiet boarding house in the Rue des Vieilles. Our domicile was a quaint old house, said to have been originally a nunnery and afterwards to have been occupied for a short time by the great Napoleon when meditating a descent upon England. A broad gateway, flanked on either side by disused field-guns, planted upright in the ground by way of gate-posts, led into a pleasant courtyard, with seats under the shade of a spreading tree and made musical by the splash of a modest fountain. There were a good many visitors staying in the house, but they were mostly in families or parties, and we did not amalgamate with them. Our vis-a-vis at the table was a tall elderly gentleman of soldierly appearance, who was always spoken of as the Major. He had evidently been a very handsome man—indeed he was handsome still. His hair and moustache were perfectly white, forming a marked contrast with his complexion, which was extremely dark, as if tanned by long residence under a tropical sun. I think I was first attracted to him by noticing that his French was even far worse than our own. When he ventured, as he occasionally did, to address an order to the white-capped waiting maids in their own language, the difficulties he got into were dreadful, and he generally ended by getting rather angry with himself and them. Once or twice I ventured, very timidly, to help him out of a difficulty of this kind, and in this manner a slight acquaintance had sprung up between us. It had, however, proceeded no further than a friendly good morning, or a remark across the dinner-table. With other visitors he fraternized even less. After breakfast he smoked his cigar under the tree in the courtyard; after which he started off for a solitary ramble, and did not reappear till dinner time.

So matters stood until the first Sunday evening after our arrival, when we went, as in duty bound, to the little English church in an adjoining street. We were ushered into one of the pews appropriated for strangers; and a minute or two later the Major was shown into the same pew, and sat down silently beside us. The service proceeded in the usual course, and the sermon was nearly over when the Major by an accidental movement of his elbow, knocked down auntie's little red prayer-book, which was on the sloping ledge before her. He stopped to pick it up, and was about to replace it, but as it came in view in the full glare of the gas-light, his eyes chanced to fall upon it, and he started as though he had seen a ghost. He laid down the book on the desk before him, but it seemed to fascinate him. He looked from the book to Aunt Hetty and from Aunt Hetty to the book, as if trying to satisfy himself on one point, but without success. The sermon came to an end at last, and the benediction followed. He took advantage of the moment when all heads were bowed to do a very unmannerly thing. He slyly put up his eye glass and opening auntie's prayer book took a rapid peep at the name inside. It was very quickly done and might have escaped notice; but I was watching him closely. I could even read the name myself. It was in a bold manly handwriting. "To Heister; June 28, 18—." I stared aghast at such an act of impertinence, and glanced at Aunt Hetty, to see whether she would resent it; but she had probably not noticed the offence, for she made no sign.

The congregation began to disperse, and we passed out in our turn, the Major close behind us. We were scarcely fairly in the street when he spoke to auntie.

"Madame, I am going to ask you a very singular question; but let me assure you that I have a deep personal interest in asking it. Will you tell me how you came by that red prayer book that you use?"

I shall never forget auntie's answer, given as quietly as if it were the most commonplace matter, though I could tell by the faint rose-flush on her usually pale cheek how deeply she was moved.

"You gave it to me yourself, Major Blake, six-and-twenty years ago."

The Major's face was a study. Surprise, delight and incredulity seemed struggling for the mastery. He took off his hat and stood bare-headed. I hardly know why, but that one little gesture seemed to tell me, better than the most passionate protestations would have done, that the old love had been kept a treasured and a sacred thing. And I think, from the faint sweet smile that gathered round her mouth as she looked up at him, that the same thought came to auntie.

"And you are Hetty," he said. "Yes, I know you now."

"You had forgotten the six-and-twenty years, Major Blake. I knew you from the first."

"And would you really have let me go without a word or a sign?" he asked.

"Why not?" she replied. "How could I know you would wish to be reminded of old times?"

"Reminded! I have never forgotten. I tried my hardest to forget, and couldn't. Although you preferred another."

"Another! What other?"

"Young Sandys. Did you not marry him?"

"I have never seen him since."

At this stage of the conversation it struck me that I was decidedly de trop. Major Blake had replaced his hat, and, side by side with auntie was walking slowly homeward. I had hitherto been following behind; but, reaching a convenient street corner, I let them proceed alone, and went off, without beat of drum, for a stroll in the opposite direction. When I reached the boarding house, half an hour later, I found auntie and the Major sitting in the courtyard, under the shade of the great tree. The Major courteously lifted his hat at my approach and said:

"Miss Danvers, your aunt and I are very old friends; indeed, many years ago, we were engaged to be married, but an unfortunate misunderstanding separated us. We have lost many happy years together, but I hope some day may remain

to us. I trust we shall have your good wishes."

I looked from one to the other. "You dear, darling auntie, then you really are going to be married after all! Of course I wish you joy, and Major Blake too, from the very bottom of my heart!"

"I don't know," said auntie, shaking her head doubtfully. "I'm a little afraid we are two old fools."

"Nay, dear," said the Major, raising her hand gallantly to his lips. "Perhaps we were young fools, but that is six-and-twenty years ago. Let us hope we have learned true wisdom now."

I don't know how the secret oozed out, but before twenty-four hours were over, every one in the boarding-house, even to white-capped Adele and her assistant maiden, knew that the handsome English Major had met an old love in the person of the gentle little lady with the sweet smile and the soft gray hair, and that after a separation of six-and-twenty years they were again engaged to be married; and they were promoted to the rights and privileges of engaged lovers accordingly. And lovers they unmistakably were, though in a very quiet way. No lover of twenty could have been more devoted to this weather-beaten warrior to his faded bride; no girl of seventeen more proud or happy in her lover's devotion than dear old auntie. They ought, by every rule, to have been ridiculous, but somehow nobody seemed to think them so; and I really believe they had the heartiest sympathy of every one in the house.

I must pass over the homeward journey, and the astonishment of our friends at Fairfield, when auntie returned, engaged to be married. Some few of them had known Major Blake as a young man, but to most of them he was a stranger. Many were the questions and explanations before everything was accounted for to everybody's satisfaction; but it was done at last. And then came the preparation of the trousseau; and at last, this very morning, the happy pair have been made one, and auntie is off to the Isle of Wight to spend her honeymoon. And last night, she called me to her own room and said:

"Ruth dear, I am going to give you this little prayer book as a parting remembrance. You know how I have treasured it; and you won't value it the less, I am sure, for having been so dear to me. And if, when Mr. Right comes, Ruth, you are tempted to be wayward, or pain a heart that loves you truly, think of your old Aunt Hetty, and don't forget the moral of the faded leaf."

## The Gates of the East.

Constantinople is notoriously a city built on ruins. Every time a new house is erected numbers of ancient relics are brought to view. The trustees of the American Bible House in this city are making an addition to their fine building, and have found a regular maze of ancient foundations at from ten to twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. Some of the old walls contain great bricks four-teen inches square, as hard as stone, and each stamped with a name in Greek characters. It seems to be uncertain whether the name of the bricks is that of the maker or that of the Emperor. Some of the bricks are marked "Kocian"—others "Koncians." Others yet have besides a name a date which corresponds to the year 507 A. D. The cement in which these bricks are laid is as hard as a rock and it is difficult to get them out unbroken; but specimens of quite a number of stamped bricks will be preserved at the Bible House for the inspection of those interested.

In one part of the ground is a large cellar which extends under an adjoining street and of which the vaulted roof is supported by great monolithic columns which bear the cross on their capitals. It is quite probable that a Christian church or monastery once occupied this site, although not a single inscription has been found whereby to identify the structure. Under the foundation of this Christian edifice were found fragments of sculpture that date from heathen times. A Corinthian capital and some fragments of cornices in beautiful red marble suggest that a splendid building stood here before the Christian church was built. In one part of the ground were found several graves. Each one was covered with tiles evidently made for the purpose. The tiles were of about sixteen inches wide and thirty inches long. They were, when in position, arranged on edge, meeting over the body like a roof to keep the earth from contact with it. There was no inscription on any of these tiles, and nothing to fix the period of the tombs, except the copper coin which had been placed in the mouth of each corpse for Charon's fee. These coins are from 260 to 282 A. D. in date. The skeletons found in these tombs were naturally mere dust after 1500 years of inhumation. The skulls fell to powder at once upon exposure. In each tomb was a glass vessel, but in every case hopelessly broken. In one part of the ground, several feet nearer the surface than these tombs, three skeletons were found erect in an old well. These had been built a century or two in the ground, and perhaps marked the scene of some tragedy of the harem. At all events those three grim forms emerging under the pick from a mysterious past would serve a Hawthorne or a Poe as capital for a story that would insure for weeks to the bravest of us the habit of looking over the shoulder when left alone and in the dusk.

They had been quarrelling about his next summer's clothes. She wanted him to have his light suit cleaned up for 1885, and he wanted a heavier suit.

"What's the use of fighting about that?" he said, frowning. "I may be in the cemetery next summer."

"I think," she replied, "you will need your summer clothes wherever you may be."

## Read This Advertisement.

ADRIAN, Mich., Jan. 31, '81.  
Have sold the good many years, and they give the best of satisfaction. We had an order for three large bottles Downs' Elixir last week to be sent to Woodland, California.

J. R. BENNETT & CO., Druggists.

The goods referred to in the foregoing letter are N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment.

## THE DEFENSE.

Nehemiah Strong, a zealous and faithful Quaker, was smitten with the "Western fever," some years since, and finally removed to the regions where "squatter sovereignty" was being experimented upon. But squatter, or any other sovereignty, troubled Nehemiah but little. He was a man true to his creed, and wherever his lot might be cast, there would he live in peace and quiet with his fellow men.

The proper location was soon found, and when Nehemiah had made a clearing and built a log house, he was monarch of all that he surveyed and staked. But Strong was not allowed long to remain in peaceful possession. Bolder and more evil men lived in these western regions than he had ever before met, and in the absence of any very positive or very available law, they did not hesitate to take the management of affairs into their own hands. A few reckless men could thus, by combining for a common purpose, rule a great number of more timid or more respectable people, driving them from their houses, or dealing with them as they would.

Strong, notwithstanding his blameless life and gentle religion, did not long escape these vultures of the west. His home attracted the notice of a desperado named Bob Bellows, who determined to possess it, inasmuch as that would be easier than building a house for himself, or perhaps driving away a more determined man. Besides, the honest Quaker had not forgotten wheat, potatoes, corn and other provisions for a comfortable winter, though still quite distant.

Accordingly, one day Bob Bellows, armed to the teeth, and looking especially ferocious, rode up to the cabin and inquired for the owner. The Quaker chanced to be inside at the moment, and quietly answered the summons.

"Does thee wish to see me?" he asked, gazing upon the intruder with some degree of alarm, notwithstanding his peaceful nature.

"Wal, yas," growled the ruffian. "I thought I'd ride over and see what in the old boy you'd gone and set your horse on my land for! That's all I wanted to see ye fer!"

"Thee is mistaken," returned Nehemiah. "This land belongs solely to me, one Nehemiah Strong, thy humble servant."

"You lie!" was the fierce rejoinder; "this is my land, and now, as yer shanty is stuck on here, jest in the place whar I was goin' to put my own, I'll be easy with ye, and say nothin' about the law, if ye'll jest git out of here and be beyond sight and hearin' to-morrow mornin'. What d'ye say to that?"

"Verily, I believe thee a villain!" returned Nehemiah, finding that he was not to be immediately eaten up or run through. "This is my home, and the home of my family; yet thee seeks to turn me from it, and leave myself and family to starve. Nay, I cannot constrain myself to depart thus. Thee has no right or title here, to my knowledge. If thee has, produce it, and I will depart freely."

"Look ye, you old robber!" hissed the desperado. "I hev a claim here. I savyed this land near ten years ago, and made my marks. If you have cut them down, I'll be all the wuss for ye. I've plenty of witnesses who know about it, and I needn't tell ye 'tis a bad scrape tew be guilty of cuttin' away yer neighbors' land-marks. Now, I shall be here to-morrow mornin' and if ye know when yer well off, you'd better not be here at the same time!"

With this unmistakable threat the outlaw turned and rode away, leaving the Quaker in no enviable frame of mind.

We might have stated before, although it may be quite as well to say here, that Strong's family consisted of his wife and two daughters, with a son, Mark, about twelve years of age. The daughters, hearty, buxom girls of twenty-two and twenty years each, named respectively Ruth and Naomi, were full of natural life and decision, quite unlike what the daughters of a meek Quaker would naturally become.

They, with the mother, a middle-aged, gentle woman, who strove hard to live as peaceably as the tenets of her faith required, gathered about the husband and father. The latter sank upon a chair, seamed with quietude and discomfited by the event which had just occurred.

"Verily, I know not the proper course to pursue," he mourned. "I can ill afford to leave this house and the growing crops smiling upon us with promise of sustenance for the winter. I fear this villain is a rascal of utter dye, who will not hesitate at bloodshed. It may be well to go, yet I must remain for a time."

An anxious night was passed, and very early next morning all hands were astir. The sisters had been engaged in consultation during the night, and when they descended from the loft, Ruth drew her father aside.

"What wilt thou do, father, in case those bad men come?" she asked.

"Verily, I know not," he replied. "I have studied upon the matter all night, but my mind is far from fixed. If they insist upon it, I suppose we shall be obliged to flee; our religion doth not allow us to fight with carnal weapons."

"Let us manage that, father," the girl insisted. "Truly we cannot fight, for we have no worldly weapons, but I much think, if we are not sadly mistaken, we can induce these outlaws to go their own way."

"Yes, daughter," was the reluctant assent, "thee can have thy way; but I pray thee do nothing rashly."

The maiden went her way, well satisfied, and in a short time had a large kettle over the fire, containing a small quantity of water. When this was brought to a boil more was added, until the kettle was nearly full.

"Surely, Ruth, thee does not intend to

wash to day," the mother remarked, seeing these preparations.

"Never mind, mother," was the significant reply. "Naomi and I may need a little washing, but it shall not disturb thee."

The young ladies were quite accustomed to have their own way, so no demur was made, although an attack from outlaws was every minute expected.

The morning meal was eaten with devotional fear, and almost before the table had been cleared, Bob Bellows, accompanied by five or six rascals like unto himself, rode up to the door.

"Come!" he shouted, from his horse; "get out of here in quick time. I told you to be gone before I come!"

Nehemiah Strong rose to his feet, and approached the door, but he was pulled back by Ruth, who said:

"Stay there, father. Thee promised that sister and I might meet these vagabonds of the earth, and deal with them."

"But it is not fit!"—he commenced to say.

The brave girl, however, waited for no words, but springing to the door, she said:

"This is our home, and truly we will not be driven from it save in a legal manner. We would never resist officers of the law, and if they come in due form we will obey them, but such as thou art we neither fear nor obey!"

"By my soul, little Quakeress," the rascal cried, "you've a heap of life in your delicate body, and I don't mind if you stay. But the rest must tramp. Come, git out o' this, or we'll throw you out."

"We shall not go, neither shall we be thrown out!" returned Ruth. "We do not fight with carnal weapons, for such is not our faith, but if you meddle with us you will speedily find yourselves in hot water."

"Come on, fellows," said Bob, as he sprang from his horse. "See if one of these prayin' gals kin fight on their knees as well as we kin foot."

With a hoarse laugh the marauders sprang from their animals, and when they had been fastened to the Quaker's garden fence they turned to enter the dwelling. But the door was fast against them.

"No danger from bullets, boys," the leader laughed; "so now we'll have some fun. Plenty of wood here to make a ram of. Sam, you git a stick, while I persuade 'em to open the door for us."

In accordance with this plan, a small log was raised by four of the men, while Bob grasped the door and shook it violently.

"Open," he said, with many oaths and disgusting language, which we have no right to record; "open, or I'll be the wuss for ye. We'll break the door down, and ye'll find a nest of roarin' wild-cats in yer late peaceful home. Yea, verily thee will!"

But his words brought no response, and presently the men bearing the log approached.

"Smash her down!" he growled. "They are stubborn as—, or they are goin' to play some trick on us."

The bearers of the battering ram now approached, and Bob, after giving the door two or three not very gentle kicks, indicated the place where the blow should be given.

But even while the beam was poised, and almost ready to descend, the valiant leader of the gang gave a fearful howl, and sank upon the ground, crawling away like a huge spider, and accompanying each movement with a groan.

"Why, Bob, what the devil ails ye?" demanded one of his followers, in surprise.

Before any answer could be given, however, the questioner executed a like movement, and with very little less haste hastened from the vicinity, closely followed by all the others.

To explain the cause of their singular discomfiture, we must return to the interior of the house.

When Ruth closed and barred the door, the plan she had in mind was soon made apparent. Naomi had been to the loft, and now returned with an engine which had been used in watering the garden during the summer months, in fact, with a few days. It was very simple in design, being merely a hollow cylinder, fitted with a piston, the whole forming, no more nor less than a large squirt-gun!

This the sisters had put in perfect working order the night previous, when they would otherwise have been sleeping. So that it was now all ready for use.

It required but a few moments to fill the cavity with the boiling water, and when it was forcibly ejected by the indignant maidens' arms, landing upon the person and clothing of Bob Bellows, it is easy to foresee that the recipient did, as the Quakeress had affirmed, "find himself in hot water."

Nor was he alone, for before the alarm had fully been taken, every one of the others had received a sprinkling, which at such short range did most effective service.

It was some time before the riders ventured to return and unhitch their horses, but this they finally did, and galloped away as though some fiend was in pursuit of them.

"Verily the spirit constraineth me to laugh, yea, to laugh heartily," the father remarked as he beheld the ignoble flight. "But, my Ruth, I verily fear thee hath awakened this man's undying ire, and that we may suffer in turn."

"No matter, father; we need not borrow trouble. They are disposed of for the present, and something seems to tell me they will not come back."

Then, as she recollected the uncouth manner in which they had hastened away she gave herself up to a hearty laugh, in which all present joined.

For many weeks Nehemiah Strong held himself in readiness to vacate the home he had founded and his daughters defended, but they were not called upon to do so.

No doubt Bob Bellows would have faced a cabin full of men, but the novel and determined opposition of the young ladies had the



## VARIETIES

country. Detroit Art Pub Co., 54 Bates St. Detroit  
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(Continued from first page)

of the article to all the members. Let salt, mill feed, oil meal, phosphates, plaster and many other articles, be bought by some member of the society, at such reduced rates as most dealers are glad to make. Then let some time be spent in friendly and neighborly talk upon the business of the farm. Stick together, and good must result. A little more sociability, and a greater degree of confidence in each other will aid greatly in augmenting the pleasure and profit of our business.

The second remedy, viz.: the use of mechanics' tools upon the farm, must also be taken with conditions. The unskilled hand will not always develop the plan in the mind, so that disappointment results. In other words, the man is "ashamed of his job. I made a pair of boots once, and thought I had done pretty well, but a mechanic told me it was a "pity to spoil so much good timber," and I concluded he was about right. Much, no doubt, may be done with a few suitable tools, and a fair amount of skill, but don't undertake too much, and do only what can be done well. A few good mechanics' tools should be kept upon every farm, and farmers and their sons become familiar with their use. Then, with an assortment of timber kept sheltered for the purpose, rainy days and odd times may be used to manifest advantage. The kind of tools and class of work may be the subject of a future article.

J. E. DAY.

One of the happiest men in Detroit is N. E. Springsteen, Passenger Agent of the Erie R. R. He has always been noted for having a horse that was just fast enough to get to the wire a little behind the other horses in a race. But this is all changed now. Springsteen has raised a very fine two-year-old colt, and last week he made a pilgrimage to the Farmington Fair, to see what was going on. He took his colt Hunter Savage with him, and by way of amusement, entered him in a race for three-year-olds. The result was that he got away with the race in two straight heats. It is not necessary to say that he was as much surprised at the outcome as the owners of the other horses. This is why he smiles.

## Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., and author of "The Horse and His Diseases," "Cattle and Their Diseases," "Sheep, Poultry, and Swine," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Prof. Jennings' advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Particulars of subscription will be sent upon request. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given, the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 321 First Street, Detroit.

### Is it Gleet or Glanders?

MASON, Oct. 4, '84.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—In my letter of August 25th I gave all of the symptoms manifest in my horse, that I could detect. And in your answer in the Farmer of Sept. 2nd, you prescribe for him, saying, "If in two weeks no improvement is noticed, write again, giving a careful description of symptoms." Now say in my letter of Sept. 20th, that I have given him the prescription, and no perceptible change in the symptoms occurs. Now what more can I say? The nasal discharge is all the symptom that I can detect. He is in every way well except the discharge, which is sometimes slight, and at times more profuse. I never can detect any odor to the discharge.

Answer.—It is not our intention to give offence to subscribers asking veterinary advice through this department, but to give such directions as will be to their interest, in prescribing for their sick animals. When symptoms are so in definitely given as in this case; though it may be no fault in the writer; it is puzzling to us, and impossible to diagnose the case satisfactorily to our patrons or ourselves. When we requested you "if no improvement was noticed in two weeks, to write again, giving a careful description of symptoms," we did so under the impression that your first description was given in a hasty manner, supposing the discharge would of itself be sufficient to enable us to make a correct diagnosis; and that our request would prompt you to a more careful examination of the animal, or to get some one of more experience in diseased animals than yourself to do so. Your letter did not justify us in attempting a diagnosis in the first place, hence our request. The symptoms, briefly given, would apply to chronic glanders as well as to gleet. In both affections, when chronic, the animal usually is in good condition, and will do its work as well as a perfectly sound animal. We would advise you to have the animal examined by a competent veterinary surgeon, and be governed by his decision.

### Bronchitis in a Young Steer.

OHTOMO, Oct. 4, 1884.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I have an eight-months-old steer calf, which has been troubled for a month past with a cough accompanied with a discharge of mucus of a greenish color from the nose, and a rattling in the head and throat. He will at times run his tongue out as if overcome by heat. His eyes look dull, are swollen, and sometimes discharge a watery substance. He feeds during the summer has been milked with milk feed, and he has run on clear pasture. About a month ago he refused to drink the milk, and would lie down in the shade. He drinks water now and eats a little grass; sometimes he discharges froth from the mouth; he is losing flesh very rapidly. I have four more running in the same lot with him which are all right; they have all been fed alike. Please inform me what I can do for him.

Answer.—From your description we are inclined to believe the trouble with your young steer is chronic bronchitis, probably of hereditary origin, but this we have no means of determining. Treatment: Apply strong mustard mixed with equal parts of spirits of hartshorn and water, made into a paste, and applied along the neck, over the windpipe, and to the sides. Give internally Rhupe Panacea from box.

No. 1 as directed; Nos. 1 and 2 are in the same package. If there is much fever give No. 2 alternately with No. 1. Please give us the pedigree of the animal; not for publication but that we may possibly trace its origin.

### The World's Exposition at New Orleans.

To the Colored People of the State of Michigan.

Having been honored by the Hon. B. K. Bruce, Chief Director, Department of Colored Exhibits, to be held in the connection with "The World's Exposition," at New Orleans, La., as the Commissioner for this State, I feel it my duty to impress upon every public spirited man or woman in the State the great desire of the Chief Director to have not only Michigan but every state in the Union represented by the industries of the colored people, at the great Exposition of the World. And it is certainly the earnest wish of your Commissioner to see our own State well, if not better represented than any other. I appeal to you as a matter of State pride, not to have it said that the colored people of Michigan are behind in the race of recognized manhood. I am well aware that in numbers we are few, compared to the white, but I am also well aware that we have many ingenious persons in the State who can do a great deal to have the State creditably represented if they so desire. To those especially who are capable, I address myself, to show the civilized world what progress we have made in so short a time in our new condition of freedom. The time is near at hand for the opening of the Exposition, and whatever is to be done must be done quickly, and if you intend to contribute anything so right to work and also induce your neighbor to do likewise.

I would impress upon the minds of all that the Exposition is not a money making scheme but one to exhibit the industries of the civilized world. With the colored people especially let it be a labor of love, to have a just recognition amongst the industrial nations of the earth.

The Exhibition offers a wide range to all. It appeals to the ingenuity of man and woman, whether mental or material. It includes Commerce, Industry, Mechanics, Education, Agriculture, Horticulture, Pisciculture, Science and Art.

It is the desire of the Commissioner that all exhibitors will communicate immediately what they intend to exhibit. The freight will be paid on all articles for exhibition and returned free if not sold.

All articles for exhibition must reach New Orleans by November 12, as the Exposition opens December 1.

Read carefully the instructions published by the Detroit Plaindealer and other papers. Also read who is the Assistant Commissioner for your district, who will also furnish all needed information.

I would impress that all correspondence should be to the point, plainly written, with correct address. Send all communications to:

S. C. WATSON,

359 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

### Card from Dr. Dio Lewis.

OFFICE OF DR. LEO LEWIS, MONTHLY, 11 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, OCT. 10, '84.

DEAR SIR:—I have at length gained possession of my monthly magazine, "Dio Lewis' Monthly." Hereafter all communications to its editor or publisher, and all business about my books, must be addressed Dio Lewis, Bible House, New York.

Those who have sent money to others for Dio Lewis' Monthly, or for his books, and have received nothing in return, will please communicate with me at once.

### COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, Sept. 14, 1884.

Flour.—Receipts for the past week, 3,415 bbls. against 2,448 the previous week, and 2,918 bbls. for corresponding week last year. Shipments, 7,211 bbls. There has been more business doing the past week, but at a lower range of values. There seems to be a better shipping demand springing up, and millers appear better satisfied with the outlook. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, choice, \$3.80 @ 4.00  
Michigan white wheat, roller process, 4.25 @ 4.40  
Michigan white wheat, patents, 5.00 @ 5.25  
Minnesota, bakers, 5.00 @ 5.25  
Minnesota, patents, 5.00 @ 5.25  
Rye, common to choice, 3.45 @ 3.75

Wheat.—Very little trading was done yesterday; politics rather than business occupied the attention of dealers, and prices dropped some points below Saturday's figures. It was no criterion of value, however, and a buyer to any amount would probably have to talk higher before getting the wheat he wanted.

No. 1 white, 78c; No. 2 red, 81c; No. 3 do, 74c. In futures closing prices were as follows: No. 1 white, October, 78c; November, 79c; No. 2 red, October, 81c; November, 82c.

Corn.—Market quiet and steady, with values moving upward. No. 2 is quoted at 53c per bu., and rejected at 52c.

Oats.—Values slightly lower. No. 2 white 39c @ 40c. No. 2 mixed, 27c; light mixed, 39c.

Barley.—In fair demand at \$1.20 @ 1.25 per cental. Western berries about the same figures, and fine Canada is quoted at \$1.00 @ 1.10 per cental. The Chicago market is quoted dull at 62c per bu. for No. 2.

Eye.—No. 2 is quoted at 52c @ 55c per bu., and rejected at 49c.

Feed.—In fair demand. For bran there is a demand for shipping purposes at about \$12 per ton. Middling are nominal at about \$13 for coarse and \$10 @ 11 for fine.

Corn-meal.—Quiet and steady at \$2 per ton for coarse and \$3 for fine.

Buckwheat Flour.—Very quiet and unsettled. Choice eastern about \$3 per bbl; in bulk about \$4 per 100 lbs.

Butter.—Quiet, but with a scarcity of good table butter, and 24 @ 25c is paid for stock of that description. Creamery is firm at 28 @ 30c.

Ordinary stock to dull at 15 @ 16c per lb.

Cheese.—Market steady and firm. Full cream State ranges at about 10 @ 12c per lb. Part skim are selling at 5 @ 7c; Ohio full cream at 11 @ 12c.

Eggs.—In limited supply, and quoted at 17 @ 18c per doz.

Honey.—Market dull at 15 @ 16c per lb, the latter price for the white comb.

Beeswax.—Scarce and firm at 38 @ 40c @ 41c in stock, and 38 @ 39c from first hands.

Onions.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$1.40 @ 1.45 per bbl.

Potatoes.—Demand limited and 28 @ 30c for car loads is about all that can be realized. Farmers realize 25 @ 30c per bu. for small lots on the street.

Beans.—Market steady and firm. Full cream State ranges at about 10 @ 12c per lb. Part skim are selling at 5 @ 7c; Ohio full cream at 11 @ 12c.

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Eggs.—In limited supply, and quoted at 17 @ 18c per doz.

Honey.—Market dull at 15 @ 16c per lb, the latter price for the white comb.

Beeswax.—Scarce and firm at 38 @ 40c @ 41c in stock, and 38 @ 39c from first hands.

Onions.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$1.40 @ 1.45 per bbl.

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